

Lacornbe.

June 30. 45

The Editor

Alta Folklore R.

Edmonton

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed the Q. greatly - its a grand & plucky effort.

I touch my back for a year & all good wishes for its success & for the example it might be to our other provinces.

I may have something for you later

Yours sincerely
Charles La Macaze.
alias "Denny"

In the meantime.

Billy Carroll & Aeto MacCallum were old trappers & both very talkative old boys as some trappers are when they live alone & ~~in~~ when they meet someone just let their tongues run as it pleases.

They were both headed for N. Peace River trading post when they met on the trail one cold January - It was one of those real cold days - still as death & no bottom to the thermometer.

Bill said "Well we got talking & as we stood there it got colder & colder, my eyelids were about sticking together with the cold but in that frozen stillness you could hear noises. I began to hear little sounds like particles of ice falling, then I noticed this sound coincided with the sound of our voices - so help me - it was so cold the breath from

our mouths was freezing in that awful cold air
as we spoke & fell in ice around us - then we got
arguing over the price of furs & before we knew it
we were each surrounded in our own frozen eloquence -
then we both got our axes off the sleds & chopped
ourselves out & went on to the fort.

Whe!!

July 3, 1945.

Mr. Charles La Nauze
Lacombe, Alberta.

Dear Mr. La Nauze:

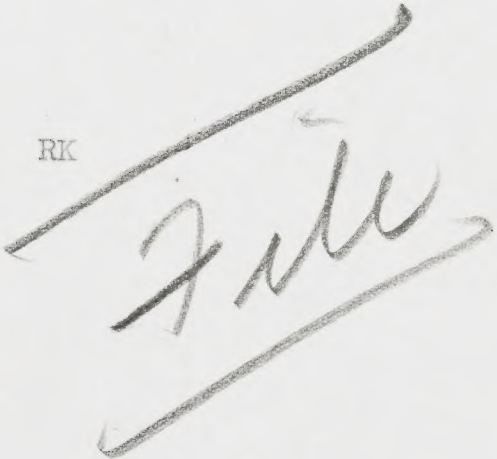
Thank you for your subscription to the Quarterly. I presume you received the June issue? If not, kindly let us know and we will adjust.

Thank you too for your "yarn". We will be glad to receive anything you care to send in. Mr. Godsell has not yet arrived here but I will keep "In the Meantime" for him.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Roberta B. Kiefer
for
The Alberta Folklore and
Local History Project.

RK



"IN THE MEANTIME"

By

Charles "Denny" LaNauze.

Billy Carroll and Pete McCallum were old trappers, both very talkative, as some trappers are who live alone. When they meet someone they just let their tongues run as they please.

They were both headed for ^a/north Peace River trading post when they met on the trail one cold January day. It was one of those really cold days; still as death, with no bottom to the thermometer.

"We just got talking," Billy said, "and as we stood there it got colder and colder. My eyelids were almost sticking together with the cold, the sort of frozen stillness you could actually hear. Soon I heard little sounds, like particles of ice falling, then I noticed the sounds coincided with the sound of our voices. So help me! the breath from our mouths was freezing as we spoke and fell in ice around us. Then we got arguing about the price of fur, and before we knew it we were each surrounded with our own frozen eloquence. Picking our axes off the sleds we chopped ourselves out and went on to the fort."